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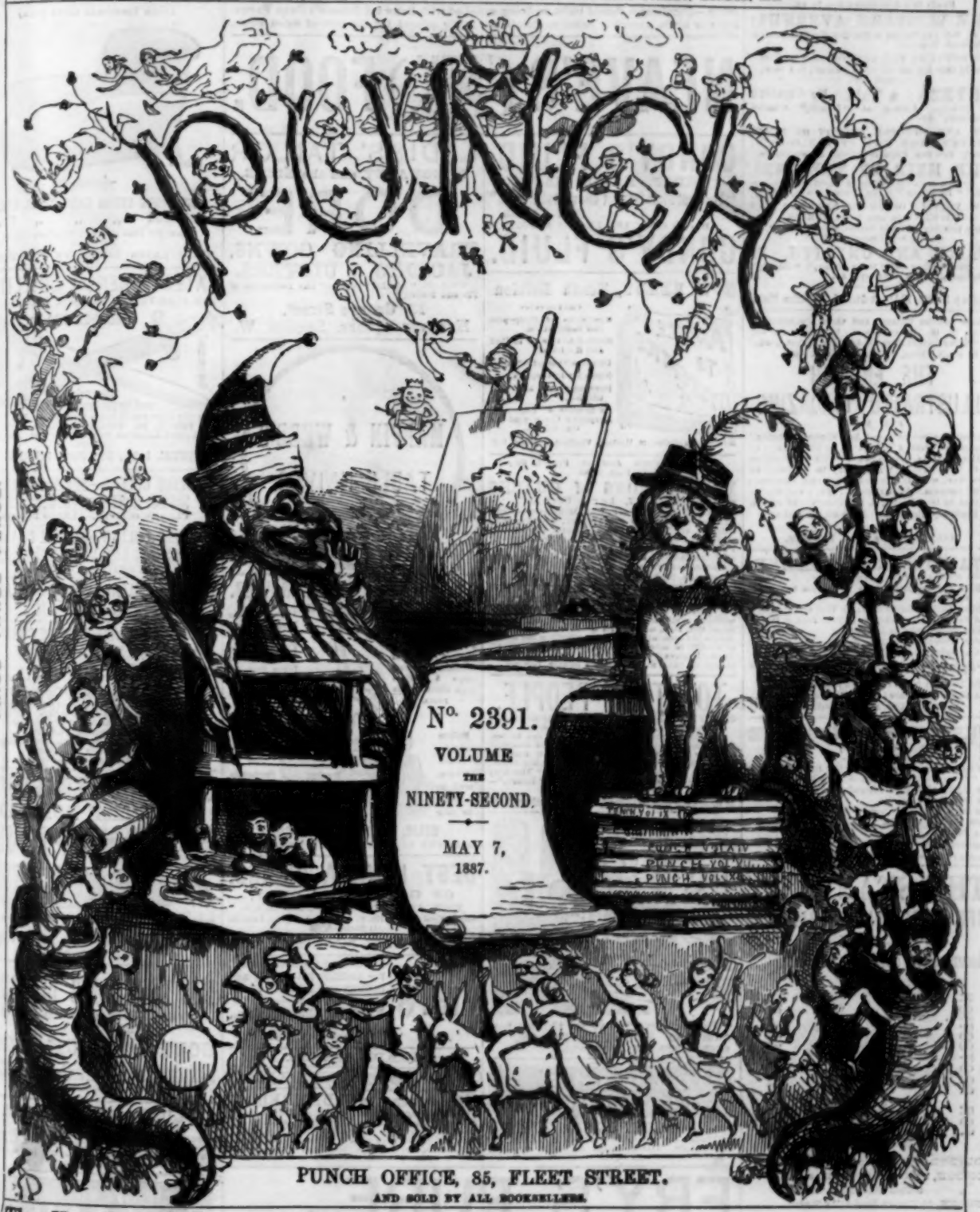

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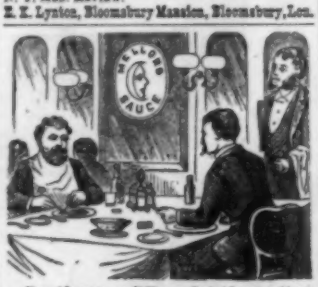

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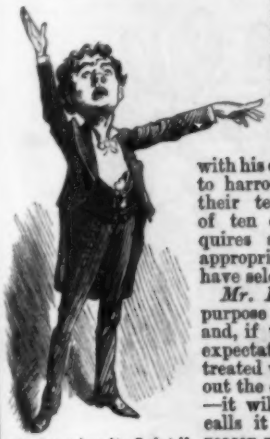
MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

THERE are some votaries of that noblest of all Arts, Recitation, whose not unworthy ambition it is to thrill and curdle a helpless audience, and, as a corpulent and immortal youth (*not* an Amateur Reciter) is reported to have desired, "to make their flesh creep." It is less difficult than might be supposed to set your hearers longing feverishly for the end, and the student may generally count upon so much as attained almost with his opening words; but to curdle them, to harrow them up, and raise and lower their temperature alternately, in leaps of ten degrees Fahrenheit, all this requires study, and (perhaps) a certain appropriate quality in the subject you have selected.



"Ha dat qui recite O dat."

Mr. Punch's Poet has supped late on purpose to satisfy so legitimate a demand, and, if the result is not quite equal to his expectations, he ventures to think that, treated with *talent*—and who recites without the consciousness of so much at least?—it will prove effective in its way. He calls it (though there is no particular reason why it should not have been called something else)—

THE CONSCIENCE-CURST!

The night-owl shrieked: a gibbous moon peered pallid o'er the yew:
The clammy tombstones all distilled a dank unwholesome dew:
[*Slight shudder here.*
As through the sleeping village passed a man of aspect weird,
Whose haggard face was half-obscured by a long-neglected beard.
(*Assist your Audience's imagination here by passing hand lightly over chin.*)
His tinted spectacles gave back the glances of the moon,
A pair of overcoats he wore—although the time was June.
[*Give a dark significance to this.*
Two slippers wrought in Berlin wools hid his ungainly feet,
And he danced a grisly polka-step all down the silent street!
(*You might just indicate this, provided you can do so in a sufficiently impressive and ghastly manner.*)
Then, at the village green, he gave a conscience-stricken jump,
[*Start here, as if you had observed a centipede on the carpet.*
As guiltily he gazed upon the Presentation Pump!
"How like," he muttered, with a groan, "my Uncle as he slept!"
Then raised its handle reverently—and found it cold, and wept.
(*Here you might bend forward slightly, with extended hand, then let your hand drop by your side, and bow your head once, very solemnly. We have seen this very effective.*)
The rural Policeman (*raise voice at "Policeman"*) on his round observed the Stranger grim:
"I'd better step across," he thought, "an' hev a talk with him.
[*Country accent for this.*
It doan't seem nateral nohow a pump should rouse his grief!
Come, what be you about?" said he. "Confession brings relief,"
[*In a hollow voice.*
The Stranger answered, with a smile that froze his hearer's blood;
Then down he sank upon the stones with a dull and heavy thud.
The hearse-plumes nodded in his hat as he inclined his head;
"Full long," he wailed, "upon this heart the worm hath banqueted!"
(A cloud was drifting past the moon, and sicklier she shone,
As he began)—"You never knew, I think, my Uncle JOHN?
A worthier, or a wiser, man this world has rarely seen—
He had some slight connection with a 'Try-your-weight' machine—
[*The value of this detail will appear hereafter.*
And I—ah me!—a careless youth, I sported at his side—
That was before a kinsman's gore these felon hands had dyed—
Before the stain was on my brow that sickens and ashames!
[*Gesture of loathing with the left hand.*
Ere yet my knife let out the life from gentle Uncle JAMES!
His blameless days were passed within the neighbourhood of York,
[*More detail, but not, as will be seen, unessential.*
A dentist (so the neighbours said), a connoisseur of pork.
[*Tender stress on last word.*
Ah, could I have predicted then that *I* should deal a blow
Upon the bald but genial head of generous Uncle JOE!
Now Uncle JOSEPH—mark me—sold (or rather "purveyed") meat;
His veins with vital fluid were abnormally replete;
[*Close your eyes and shiver at this unpleasant reminiscence.*
I had not thought so old a man——(*with a dazed air*)—Enough!—within the tank
I flung the still unconscious corpse of my favourite Uncle, FRANK!
(*Imitate action of a man who is hurling a favourite Uncle to his doom.*)
My Uncle FRANCIS was a man to know was to esteem.
At times I hear him coughing still—alas, 'tis but a dream!—
Is that a step behind the pump? (*Tragic start here.*) Nay, craven heart, be still,
[*With a quiver in your tones.*
Till I have told how, for his gold, I struck down Uncle BILL!"
(*Bitter emphasis on "gold," as if it had turned out less than you expected.*)
A stolid but attentive eye on him the Policeman fixed:
"It seems to me as how," said he, "you've got your Uncles mixed!"
A ray of recollection seemed the Stranger's brain to strike:
"Perhaps," he owned. "They were," he moaned, "exceedingly alike!
[*Raise both arms wildly.*
Once more let me rehearse to thee my catalogue of crime:—
[*More brightly.*
Old Uncle ROBERT——" (*Change of manner here.*) Hastily alleging want of time,
The other left. "My gloomy tale his rustic soul alarms."
The Stranger said. That night—he slept within The Railway Arms!
(*Try to realise and impress on your Audience the full meaning of this final sentence. They may possibly wish to applaud the conclusion. We should advise you to let them.*)

CLASSIC AD-VICE.

THE following Address has been received by the University Authorities at Oxford on the subject of the bad Latin which disfigures the new "Statute" proposed by the Curators of the Bodleian Library. It does not bear any signature, but is supposed, by internal evidence, to emanate from some Undergraduate Members of the University who have recently passed "Smalls," and are rather proud of the event. The matter has been placed in the paws of the Proctor's Bull-dogs, with a promise of an addition to their salary if they manage to discover the perpetrators. It is expected that every Undergraduate will be required to sign his name in the presence of the Proctor and Mr. NETHERCLIFT, for a comparison of handwritings.

ADDRESSUM.

AD VITIOSUM-CANCELLARIUM, ET ALIA CAPITA COLLEGIARUM.

Sumus Subtergraduati qui nuper matriculavimus, et præterivimus per examinationem "Parvorum" cum multâ gratificatione ad nos ipsos. Putamus nos esse auctoritates de Latino stylo, in consequentiâ; et sumus cruciati videre hanc novam Statutam, quæ dabit potestatem Curatoribus Bodleiani Librarii lendere libros quum semper desirant.

Statuta ipsa est idiotica, quia vertit magnificam institutionem Oxoniensem in Librarium Circulatorium, modo Misteri MUDII. Nullum Librarium hic est verè circulatorium, nisi Radcliffium, quod in formâ est Circulus. Forsitan noscitis fabulam Professoris (probabiliter Proctoris alicujus) qui veniens domum post Vinum vel "Gaudium," prehensit ferrea repagula illius Librarii in manibus, et ambulavit (vel staggeravit) circum et circum totâ nocte, nunquam faciens ullum progressum? Sed examinare naturam Statutæ non est noster parvus ludus ad presens.

Volumus protestare contra *Latinitatem execrabilem* novæ Statutæ! Homines qui concoxerunt id debent, in nostrâ opinione, esse pudentes suorum. Ut "Tempora," illud potens Journale, dicit "non possumus congratulare Universitatem de Latinâ eruditione quam id ostentavit." Boni Cœli! Si ullus Subtergraduatus in suis "Parvis" vel "Moderationibus" esset utere talem caninum Latinum, infelix juvenis esset aratratus in duobus tremoribus. Non haberet ullam fortem recipientis suum "Testamur," quia non "satisfaceret vobis Examinatoribus."

Nunc quare est Latina lingua sic degradata hic? Nonne est quia establishavimus Scholas Scientiæ et Modernæ Historiæ, et Donni consequenter non dant exclusivam attentionem ad scholarem-navem, sed preferunt aspectare Stellas per telescopum ad Observatorium et colere Scientiam in aliis viis unâ cum feminis fascinantibus?

Non objectimus ad Germanos Professores habentes libros de Librario. Illud erit bona res, quia in illo casu non venient ad Oxoniam, et non noscent aliquam rem de terribili Latinitate nostrarum Statutarum, especialiter hujus novæ Statutæ.

Accipite, o Senes promissâ barbâ, horrenti capillo (Ablativus Qualitatis, cum Epitheto) hanc admonitionem in bonâ parte, et manemus vestri verè. SUBTERGRADUATI SUPRA NOMINATI.

LORD ROSEBERY in his telling speech at Glasgow, adapted SHAKSPEARE to his purpose and said, "The policy of conciliation is not strained, but droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven." But Lord SALISBURY and Mr. BALFOUR would probably retort, "Exactly; we let it drop."

IN spite of Mr. FORWOOD's denunciation of Obstruction, we don't seem to get much Forwooder.

THE ART HESPERIDES.

Oh, golden garden hung with fruits of gold:
That modern Hercules had need be bold,
Who 'd force a path within thy perilous pale,
And brave the dragon twining scale on scale,
Protective round the nymph-encircled tree;
Or make a fourth to the much-favoured Three.

Ægle, Hesperia, Arethusa, there
Monopoly maintain, and who shall dare
Dispute their triple and time-honoured sway?
And yet, and yet, there be some bards who say
Their numbers once were four, or five, or seven.
Perish the notion! Art's selectest heaven
Must not be menaced in the name of Mob,
Nought common (save the proletariat "bob")
Must there be thought of. Yet this Ladon looks
A gentle monster, bland as Summer brooks
That babble softly through the whispering sedge.
Can this be the stern dragon Privilege,
Grim guardian of the garden's golden globes?
Oh, fair Hesperides, your flowing robes
May yet be brushed by contact of the crowd,
If Hercules Reform should be allowed
Into this sacred pleasaunce to intrude.
We'll hope that Hercules will not be rude
To such a dainty dragon, nor disturb
The trio of sweet nymphs too much, but curb
His furious force, and if some fruit he shake
To earth, will do it tenderly, and take
Only such apples from the tree as hold
Too long, or are of pinchbeck, not of gold.
So shall it prove that the true Hercules
Is true friend to the true Hesperides.

The *Guardian* of April 27 has this Advertisement:—

"A Pension of £20 a Year for a poor Preacher, under the Will of Sir James Lancaster, in the gift of the Skinners' Company, is Vacant."

What an overflowing list of names would be sent in if the matter depended on the Congregations! As it is, what professional would like to come forward and own himself a poor Preacher, or poor Actor, or poor Singer? Great is the company of the Preachers, still greater is that of the poor, and very poor, Preachers.

NO ROSE WITHOUT A THORN(-EYCROFT).

Thorneycroft's Spanish torpedo boat,
Is the very fastest vessel afloat.
If they run her aground, at speed, what's more,
She'll be the fastest vessel ashore.
So whether ashore or whether afloat,
She'll ne'er be a torpid torpedo boat.
But if ever she runs at our ships full speed-o,
We hope she'll run over her own torpedo,
And cut the record in going aloft,
To keep up the honour of Thorneycroft.

CATECHISM FOR LONDONERS.

Q. What is a Premium?

A. A Premium is a Latin word meaning "prize" or "reward." In London this reward is given by Landlords to themselves out of the money of incoming Tenants.

Q. Is a Premium a prize for good conduct?

A. Exclusively so. The good conduct consists in allowing Tenants to live in London at all.

Q. Is the moment when a house is taken the only occasion on which a Premium is exacted?

A. Not at all. When a lease expires, Landlords, especially Ducal ones (see Mr. Platt's evidence before the Parliamentary Committee), often refuse to renew without a heavy Premium.

Q. Is it a valid plea to say that this Premium is a repayment to the Landlord for improvements which he has kindly made in the house?

A. No; because the Landlord hardly ever makes any improvements.

Q. Then, at any rate, Tenants of London houses can always have the advantage of a lease, if they like to pay a Premium for it?

A. Such is not the case. Some Ducal Landlords now exact Premiums, and at the same time refuse to grant leases.

Q. Then the Tenant becomes a mere Tenant-at-will?

A. Unless he prefers to become a Tenant-at-Won't, and leaves the house in disgust.

Q. Why do not all Tenants adopt the latter system?

A. Because to leave his place of business may mean to a tradesman the sacrifice of his "connection," a fact of which Landlords take full advantage.

Q. If a Tenant asked his Landlord for compensation for improvements executed by himself, what would the latter do?

A. Improve him off the estate, probably.

Q. When a London Landlord destroys at one blow the value of a Tradesman's good-will, by refusing him a lease, and drives him to emigrate by exacting a "starvation rent," what does he call the result to the Tenant?

A. A happy re-lease.

Q. What is the theoretical foundation on which Ducal Landlords build their claim to rack-rent all occupiers who "hold of" them?

A. That it is entirely owing to their own careful attention and unremitting exertions that the soil of London is now of any value whatever.

Q. And of what material is that foundation largely composed?

A. Portland Cement.

Q. What would the Ducal monopoly of land and houses in the best situations in London be called in Chicago?

A. A "corner in rents."

Q. And what would be an appropiate name for the victim of this monopoly?

A. A *Ground*-Tenant.

Q. Although the Ducal system of "improving estates," by turning out old Tenants and raising the rent to the utmost possible limit, may press hardly on individuals, do not these territorial magnates display a splendid example of public-spirited generosity and self-denying civic virtue which compensates for private loss? *A.* Scarcely.

MAKING "A CLEAN BREAST OF IT."

Softhearted Old Lady (when she 'd heard the Story and assisted Applicant). "Dear me! Ah, poor Man! you must indeed have gone through dreadful Trials."

Tramp. "I b'lieve yer, M'um!—an' what 's wus, M'um, I was al'ays Convicted!"

Taking Soundings.—*Truth* last week applauded the successful trial trip of the belted cruiser *Orlando*. Good; but what an inappropriately sounding name for a ship, *O'er Land O!*

Golden Rule for French Officials who want to Roast an Englishman.—"First catch your Hare."

DUMB-CRAMBO'S STRANGER'S GUIDE TO LONDON.

Man shun House. The Stock Exchange. The British Muse—see 'um? Gnashin 'all—Gal 'urry. All Butt Haul.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, April 25.—GOSCHEN had quite a pleasant evening all to himself. Budget Resolutions submitted. GLADSTONE with flower in button-hole and smile on face, blandly trampled on them. GOSCHEN created Surplus by partly intermitting payment on Debt. GLADSTONE shocked beyond measure by financial immorality; but spoke rather in sorrow than in anger. Carefully refrained from declamation; maintained throughout conversational tone; but heart evidently bleeding at defection of one of his oldest and most promising pupils. "RACHEL weeping for her children was nothing to this," said HARCOURT, with a suspicious sniffle. As for GOSCHEN he broke down entirely; wrung his hands, beat his breast, and at one moment seemed as if he were about to rend W. H. SMITH's garments.

This scene enough for mortal man to bear in one sitting. But there was another distinguished financier who had also suffered by reason of GOSCHEN's shortcomings. This was GRANDOLPH, who had listened to GLADSTONE's criticism with marked attention. Occasionally encouraged that young novice by audible expression of approval. Now he took up the parable, and undertook to teach GOSCHEN a thing or two. Only recently GRANDOLPH has come out as a financial authority. House would not have been surprised to have heard he had undertaken the control of the Army or the direction of the Channel Fleet. Learned with mingled amusement and amazement that he was Chancellor of the Exchequer. Held the position for a few months, and so qualified himself to lecture GOSCHEN. Quite a chance it wasn't GLADSTONE that came under his ruthless criticism. GLADSTONE, however, in good luck. GRANDOLPH agreed with him in financial policy, and joined him in belabouring GOSCHEN. Very funny to hear the stripling gravely discoursing Ways and Means, patronising GLADSTONE, speaking with modified respect of Sir ROBERT PEEL, and sternly reproving GOSCHEN.

Old Mother HUBBARD had brought down speech designed to correct GOSCHEN, and indicate where, even yet, after many disappointments, a perfect Chancellor of the Exchequer was to be found. Curious to watch his face as GRANDOLPH sported with millions, and re-adjusted the National taxation. "Why," said the old gentleman, testily, "he was in petticoats when I first showed the House of Commons what a much better Chancellor of the Exchequer I would make than DISRAELI."

Business done.—Budget Resolutions agreed to.

Tuesday.—Never saw W. H. SMITH so thoroughly roused as to-night. As a rule, throughout successive crises succeeds in preserving appearance of profound wisdom. Does not speak much, but conveys impression that he thinks the more. Sometimes, after dinner, impassivity becomes sensibly more fixed. Grave suspicion that he's asleep strengthened by determined manner in which he smiles when awakened by a cheer or burst of laughter.

"Doesn't do this nearly as well as DIZZY or GLADSTONE," says DILLWYN, who has watched both through many years. "Through whole hour lookers-on not quite sure whether DIZZY was awake or asleep. Sat with coat-tails brought forward and carefully spread over thighs, arms folded, head bent, face like a mask. Might be asleep, and again mightn't. GLADSTONE stretches himself out on bench, unblushingly closes eyes, and looks fast asleep. But let someone misquote one of his Midlothian Speeches, and he'll learn whether he's asleep or not. SMITH, when roused, looks too furiously as if he had been awake all the time."

"Not all Beer and Skittles."

What woke up SMITH to-day was not sudden cheer or burst of laughter. It was suggestion of unparalleled audacity submitted to him. Seems SMITH has two Secretaries, one JONES, other BROWN. J. and B. spend leisure moments in writing to correspondents fierce philippics against the Opposition. Two of these got into papers; SMITH challenged as to their genuineness and authority. "Quite right," he says; "letters written on my behalf by my Secretaries. But *I* never saw them." Didn't know they had been written till now brought under his notice. House aghast at his confession. What might not happen, JONES and BROWN firing round at large under the mask of the revered SMITH? Feeling of evident uneasiness stole over House. No man felt safe. "Tell you what," said W. DAVIES, holding on to knees, and making himself look small as possible, "what with forged letters going about, and Secretaries writing in Ministers' names unbeknown to them, Parliament isn't a bed of roses, nor yet all beer and skittles."

For the rest of weary night debate on Second Reading of Coercion Bill all over again on Motion to go into Committee.

Business done.—None.

Thursday.—TIM HEALY back to-night, after enforced absence of a week. Says he doesn't resent his suspension, since it gave him opportunity to regard House from fresh point of view. Never before able to form such just opinion of the relative proportions of occupants of Treasury Bench and Bench on other side of the table. Compulsory absence not had effect of smoothing down acerbities. BECKETT resumed interminable debate on Coercion Bill. Had not proceeded far in some congenial references to Mr. PARNELL, before TIM's thunderous voice rolled through empty Chamber, calling him to order.

"Order is Tim's first law."

"Order," said CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, sitting attentive on the Front Bench, "is TIM's first law."

JOHN DILLON chimed in, and what JOSEPH GILLIS calls the game of "bucketting BECKETT," went merrily forward. BECKETT's speech carefully prepared in privacy of study; all the points nicely arranged. Arguments put forward a hundred times in debate restated. Everything prepared for except interposition of TIM. This rather embarrassing. Hung on to his notes like drowning man at straw. Got more and more mixed, and finally gave up, or as C. SYKES in his mincing way put it, "kicked the BECKETT."

GENT-DAVIS not been heard of lately. Tells me he's hit upon new device which he is at present practising. When he projects delivery of speech, prepares it in usual laborious form, and learns it off. Has

engaged on easy terms two gentlemen at present in depressed circumstances owing to flatness in the "chucking out" market. Calls one TIM HEALY, the other JOSEPH GILLIS. Recites speech before them. "TIM HEALY" constantly interrupts by rising to order. "JOSEPH GILLIS" inopportunely interpolates cries of "Oh! Oh!" "Shame!" "Buckshot!" Then GENT-DAVIS flashes forth repartee or claims the protection of the SPEAKER, as case may be. Finds practice most useful, and is already able to regard interrupters with indifference. One has proposed to vary proceedings by chucking him out in the middle of his peroration. That course not yet parliamentary, so is dispensed with.

Business done.—House goes into Committee on Coercion Bill.

Friday.—Found waiting me at house letter in strange hand. Supposed it was application for subscription to our Cricket Club, the Infirmary, or the Imperial Institute. Nothing of the sort. From BUFFALO BILL—and ran thus:—

"Say, TOBY, M.P. Heard of you. Going down to House at Six o'Clock; want you to show me round, wet or shine."

Delighted. Always glad to see Distinguished Foreigner. B. B. turned up punctually. Striking figure. Tall; large as to the hat; moustache much larger than GRANDOLPH'S, and hair hung in little greasy curls on shoulder. Strong suspicion of use of curl-papers.

Picture for next year's Grosvenor:—BUFFALO BILL, in his wigwam, curling his hair by flickering light of torch, held by admiring Cowboy.

"Not very lively just now," I said, a little nervously, not knowing how he might take it. "Ten minutes to spare. Would you, now—ahem—would you like to go and have your hair cut?"

B. B. looked at me in way that led me to change the subject.

Got B. B. in Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. BALFOUR (not ARTHUR) on legs, explaining Scotch law to animated audience. Instantly fixed B. B.'s attention.

"Who's that fellow with his scalp lifted, jabbering away at the table?" he asked.

"That," I said, "is the former Lord Advocate for Scotland. A very good fellow—everybody likes him."

"Then who lifted his scalp?"

"Ah, that's a mistake. It's not what you think. It's a trick people, especially Barristers, have here of losing their hair in early youth. We have no scalping here, and this is a way Nature has of redressing the balance between the Old World and the New."

B. B. grunted, but evidently not satisfied. Presently began to unwind something from his waist.

"What's that?" I asked.

"That's a lassoo," he said.

"And what are you going to do?"

"Going to fetch that chap up," said B. B., steadily unwinding himself.

Good Heavens! Here was a prospect. An ex-Lord Advocate lassoed from the gallery and dragged across floor of House.

"You can't do it here," I whispered, "you'll catch the table. Come, and I'll show you a better place."

Got B. out, wandered about passages till lost ourselves, and finally got out into Palace Yard. B. didn't seem to care to go back, so packed himself up again, and set out for the Wild West by Earl's Court. Felt too shaken to return, and so home.

Business done.—Don't know.

WORDSWORTH very slightly altered to W. E. G. on his way to B. B.'s Show:—

"What, you are stepping Westward?"
"Yea."
"Why, 'tis a wildish destiny."

By the way, here was a Lake Poet who would have been in favour of the Ambleside Railway, for was he not the author of "*The Excursion*"?

"THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE" (*New Edition*).—Colonel SAUNDERSON, Mr. TIM HEALY, or Mr. DILLON,—whichever you like, it seems invidious to select,—and out of the House "the Angel" is only one Pat-more.

CHANGE OF NAME.—In consequence of Mr. DE RUTZEN's sentences on the rowdy and dangerous self-styled Socialists, the worthy Magistrate of Marylebone will be styled Mr. Up-Rootsem.

RIGIDITY OF THE REVENUE.—The Revenue must be in a bad way. Mr. GOSCHEN deplores its "gradual loss of all elasticity." It must, therefore, have arrived at such a state of "tension" and "strained relations" as hardly to be capable of being stretched any more. In that case, how much longer will any Chancellor of the Exchequer be able to make both ends meet?

ASPIRING AMATEURS.

MR. PUNCH has received the following letters, which have been addressed to an eminent Judge, a famous Artist, a celebrated Surgeon, and a gifted Novelist, with an invitation that he should send the writers a suitable answer. He has much pleasure in complying with the request.

I.

DEAR MY LORD,

I TRUST you will not consider me guilty of presumption when I inform you that I fancy, nay, am sure, that with a little coaching I could make as good a Judge as your Ludship. It is true that, after a very distinguished career at the Bar, your Ludship was selected for the very high office it is now your good fortune to fill. That I should appeal to you for assistance in this little matter is a proof that I am sensible that your Ludship performs your duties with much ability. If I did not believe that you were a very good Judge I should not ask you to teach me the technicalities of the position. But, having said this, I must, in fairness to myself, confess that I see no reason why I should not do equally well. It is true that I have a slight impediment in my speech, but that seeming defect should make my decisions the more deliberate. When I tell you that I once attended a Fancy Dress Ball in the borrowed robes of a Barrister, I am quite sure your Ludship will at once recognise my claims to a seat on the Bench. Yours faithfully,

EDWARD SMITH.

II.

RESPECTED SIR,

I AM sure you will be pleased to hear that for many years I have been greatly delighted with the works of Art you have contributed to the Royal Academy. I have often looked at some of your figure subjects, and whenever I have done so, have come to the conclusion that I could do nearly as well. Were I not naturally of a modest disposition, perhaps I might put the matter more strongly in my own recommendation. In early life I failed to "pass out" of Woolwich either into the Engineers or the Gunners, and as it has ever been my ambition to write "R.A." after my name, I think I can accomplish the feat by turning Artist. My chief difficulty is in the details of the profession. I feel you can give me a helping hand, and, for the sake of Art, will gladly do so. What I want to know is this—which is longer, a head, a body, or a leg? I should also (as I am colour blind) like to have a few hints about how to paint a sunset. Were I to master these technicalities, I feel sure that I should soon claim to sit in Burlington House as one of your colleagues. Please let me know soon whether you will give me the necessary hints (you can teach me the whole bag of tricks in ten minutes) as failing Art, I think I shall go in for being an Archbishop, when it will be necessary for me to address a few lines in a similar strain to His Grace of CANTERBURY. Yours truly, JOHN JONES.

III.

MY VERY DEAR SIR,

PARDON me for troubling you in the midst of your patients, but I am so sure that I can perform a surgical operation as well as you, that I really, in the name of science, must refuse to apologise. When I tell you that I can take off the wing of a roast fowl without the least difficulty, you will at once realise that I have already mastered to a great extent the difficulties of anatomy. For all that I should like a few hints. Perhaps you will let me know whether you should use Chloroform or Ether, or what? I suppose, too, one has to get some peculiar sort of lancet or other surgical instrument? I am determined to get a Baronetcy for proficiency in surgery, and as I am far too clever to undergo the drudgery of walking the hospitals, &c., &c., I shall be much obliged if you will please give me a rough idea of what is necessary. Yours faithfully,

HENRY BROWN.

IV.

MY DEER SUR,

AFTER reading of yore bookes, I finds that I can rite sum just as gud. Yure plots are sutingly klever, but I cud think them outt quyt as wel. Awl I wants is a int or hint (I never can gett them haches) aboute grammer and spelin. Wil yer elp me? If yer does, why awl I can sai is luk oute for a seconnd DICKINS or Sur WARTER SKOT, cos I knows wots in me. Yures, &c.,

CHARLES ROBINSON.

(*Mr. Punch's Answer to the above.*)

Mr. Punch, who has neither time nor inclination to send a separate reply to each of the writers of the above letters, begs to deal with them *en bloc*. He wishes to say that it is as easy for an ignorant dolt without training or aptitude to become in ten minutes, a Judge, a Royal Academician, an eminent Surgeon or a famous Author, as it is for an Amateur who has never got beyond the "form" of "*Charles, his Friend*," or "*Lucy* (*Mrs. Bouncer's daughter*)," in the Theatre Royal Back Drawing-room, to bound on to the stage, after a fortnight's coaching, and become at once an EDMUND KEAN, or a Mrs. SIDDONS. *Verbum sap.*

AN UNFEELING JOKE.

Fair Equestrian (coquettishly). "WHAT! NOT GOING TO KEEP A HORSE THIS SEASON! THEN WE SHAN'T HAVE ANY MORE DELIGHTFUL RIDES TOGETHER!" *Stout Adonis (with deep sentiment).* "AH, YES. I SHALL LOSE A GREAT DEAL BY NOT RIDING!" *Facetious Youth.* "WELL, THAT WON'T DO YOU ANY HARM! JUST A COUPLE OF STONE OR SO!"

"RUNNING THE GAUNTLET."

[Upwards of two hundred Amendments to the Crimes Bill appear on the notice paper.]

AIR—"*The King of the Cannibal Islands.*"

OH, have you heard the news of late
About a poor Bill in a parlous state,
Whose sorrowful doom and whose pitiful fate
It is to run the gauntlet?
Its foes wish to get the poor Bill in a fix,
They long have been trying their tactical tricks,
They came down on its birth like a cartload of bricks,
They surrounded its path like a ninefold Styx.
GLADSTONE would smite it and MORLEY bang,
HEALEY would slate it and SEXTON slang,
And now they have sworn, since the Bill they can't hang,
They'll make it run the gauntlet.

By the Irish bhoys the Bill was cut,
And when by the Clôture their mouths were shut,
They swore, since they could not crack its nut,
They'd make it run the gauntlet.
Two hundred handkerchiefs, knotted, they had,
And every hour to the number will add,
Upon my word it is too bad,
Enough to drive a poor little Bill mad.
There was BIGGAR short and RUSSELL tall,
There was H. H. FOWLER, with forty in all,
And they all of them swore on the Bill they would fall,
And make it run the gauntlet.

In fact its foes were a regular host,
And the ruthless rascals made it their boast
That the poor little Bill should give up the ghost
Before it had run the gauntlet.
Of fifty weapons were they bereft,
Another fifty and more were left.
The poor little Bill must indeed be swift,
If to dodge their blows it should make shift.
If it passed the fifty without a cropper,
GLADSTONE and MORLEY might put in a stopper,
Whilst HARCOURT stood knotting an extra "whopper,"
For poor Bill running the gauntlet.

With here a wallop and there a whack,
One for his nob, and two for his back,
They hedge the course and hang on the track
Of this poor Bill running the gauntlet.
Will he succeed in dodging them all?
Will he take his gruel without a squall?
Will he escape from their merciless thrall?
Will he finish his course without a fall?
Then to his sponsors he'll bring relief,
And of nine-lived cats prove the very chief,
Although they treat like a welshing thief
This Bill who's running the gauntlet.

DR. OSCAR LENZ arrived last week in Brussels. There was at once a rush made for him by the Photographers, who had heard he was such a first-rate Lenz. However, as he politely explains, "he only Lenz his assistance to African Explorers."

THE ACADEMY BANQUET.

(*Summary of the Speeches last Saturday.*)

THE PRINCE returning thanks we always hear
With pleasure, ever genial, terse, and clear.
The Duke of CAMBRIDGE roused us like a hero;
Lord HAMILTON reduced us all to zero.
Lord SALISBURY gave us satire, meant to tell,
"Alas, poor Yorick!" Ah! we "knew him well."
Professor HUXLEY's lecture rather bored us;
Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN's brilliant speech restored us.
The LORD MAYOR, speaking up for Art and City,
Said naught of "Painter's turtle," more's the pity.
Archbishop CANTUAR preached: every sinner thought
His Grace the lengthiest grace after dinner.
The President, Past-Master of the art
Of speech post-prandial, played well his part.
"Of pictures here," said he, "we have a show
Above the average far." Yes, this is so.
And *Mr. Punch*, this merry month of May,
Drinks to Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

WISDOM is in all the Councils of the Colonials. Wisdom is as Wisdom does.

THE WOLFF.

WHAT does WOLFF, from hour to hour,
With the tricksy Turkish Power?
Is Sir HENRY fast asleep?
Watch for ever must he keep?
WOLFF's long diplomatic prowl
Makes JOHN BULL begin to growl.
Sweet Stamboul, and pleasant "plunder!"
Is it all a costly blunder?

"RUNNING THE GAUNTLET."

MASSAGE HAPPY THOUGHT.

Patient. "SEEMS HARD WORK! EH!"

Masseur. "YESSIR, IT *IS* RATHER HARD WORK, SIR."

Patient. "AH! IT STRIKES ME THAT IF *I* WERE TO RUB *YOU* NOW, INSTEAD OF *YOUR* RUBBING *ME*, I SHOULD GET WELL IN HALF THE TIME!"

OPINIONS OF "RED SHIRT."

(*Supplied by Our Own Thought-Reader.*)

HAVE not given much attention to the Crimes Bill, but if it is something good to drink, believe it isn't up to Fire-water.

Never been in the House of Lords, but prepared to bet that it's not equal to the Show at West Kensington.

Don't understand Magna Charta, but fancy it can't beat BUFFALO BILL's show-cards.

Never seen Home Rule, but sure it can't surpass *Faust* at the Lyceum and *The Butler* at Toole's Theatre.

Never talked to Lord SALISBURY, so can't say whether he's smarter than the Hon. W. F. CODY.

Never interviewed by the Family of Nations, but consider they would have to run second to the Cowboys' Band, especially when that society was playing "*Yankee Doodle.*"

If asked again by Mr. GLADSTONE whether I can see "those similarities between Englishmen and Americans which might be expected to exist between kinsmen and brothers?" shall certainly once more reply, "Do not know so much about their being kinsmen and brothers."

Never met Mr. GLADSTONE in my life before, but reckon he's a first-rate hand at getting out a smart and high-toned advertisement.

TRUTH states, that in consequence of the funds forwarded by charitable readers to aid in sending poor London Children for a few weeks' country air in summer-time, Mrs. JEUNE was able to give four hundred and seventy-four of them a real country treat. Out of compliment to this lady's admirable exertions, the month of their holiday should be, evidently, June. The fulfilment of JEUNE is better than *The Promise of May.*

[IT is not absolutely true that in consequence of his Artistic Joke in Bond Street, the Fiery FURNISS has applied for police protection. But it is a fact that being in want of a holiday after his work, our Caricaturist is going to "take himself off."

"D."

A Lay of Modern London.

"There are many known ways of disposing of house refuse; but we are convinced that the very worst, the most stupid and dangerous, is that which seems to be immortal in London—the open cart, and the rotten basket."—*Lancet.*

THE—he whom euphemism's courtly use
Softens, in good society, to "Deuce,"
Going his rounds in London, chanced to see
In windows here and there a big black "D."
The longicaudate omnivagrant elf
Thought it at first a summons to himself;
But at that moment on his startled ear
There echoed through the street a sound of fear
Raucously resonant, so vile a howl
As never tiger on its nightly prowl
Thundered upon the tympanum of Nox,
Although the fiend is used to aural shocks,
He shuddered at the shindy. "What," he cried,
"*Can* this be?" Then, with loud and loutish stride,
With string-girt "cords" that left huge ankles bare,
With much-fouled smock, and mass of matted hair,
Lounged up a coarse colossus. With him went
A nameless, nasty, most mephitic scent
That Tophet could not parallel. It rose,
Making his sable highness hold his nose,
From a much-crusted cart piled high with—what?
"*He*," quoth "Old Nick, "may know—*I*'d rather not."
A March wind blew, and on that biting breeze
Was borne a cloud that made you choke and sneeze,
Sicken, expectorate—a foul simoom
That might have whistled through the charnel's gloom.
"Peripatetic pest!" cried Lucifer,
"Who are you?" "Whoy, oi be a doostman, Sur,"
Growled, huskily as Death with a catarrh,
The brawny, big-mouthed mooncalf. "Oh! you are?"
Smiled the sardonic one. "I see, I see,
A sweeper-out of sepulchres!"—"Not me,"
Caliban chuckled. "Dust-bins be my mark."
"Oh!" cried the fiend, still slightly in the dark.
Further to question this stentorian pig
Lucifer thought a little *infra dig.*,
And so he watched him simply. Saw him call
At a smart villa, trample through the hall,
O'er the tiled forecourt, down the clean-swept stair,
Leaving his hob-nailed footmarks everywhere;
Saw him with spade and basket delve and thrust
At a malodorous bin of so-called "dust,"
Dispersing fetid fumes at every stroke,
Compared with which his Phlegethon's own smoke
Was summer fragrance; heard him growl and jeer,
Clamour for sixpences, and beg for beer;
Saw, at his loud disdain of "tip" or drink,
The housewife tremble and the housemaid shrink;
Saw him depart, and leave a dirty wreck
Where, ere he came, was sweetness void of speck,
Then, with piled cart, slung ladder, basket foul,
Beheld the brute resume his noisome prowl,
His sullen tramp, and intermittent howl.

"Well," mocked the fiend, "and this is what men call
Civilisation! Stench, stentorian bawl;
Despotic insolence that naught can please,
Wandering noise and travelling disease.
A dirty chaos in the neat home-nest,
The streets a hunting-ground for old King Pest.
Fancy proud Babylon dealing thus with 'Dust,'
Without an insurrection of disgust!
'Tis yon big brute they summon by their 'D'!
Well, while he rules, why *should* they call on Me?"

A FISHING QUESTION.—According to a leading article on "Large Salmon":—

"Much in the natural history of the salmon remains mysterious. Whether it feed or not during its annual visits to its native streams, is still a matter of controversy."

If salmon don't feed in fresh-water rivers, how is it they are fished for with rod and line? When they rise at a fly don't they mean to eat it? By what enticement but that of a bait do they get themselves hooked? Was that point ever a matter of controversy, and does it still remain a mystery in the natural history of the salmon which naturalists acknowledge themselves unable to explain?

THE ACADEMY GUY'D.

We commence with our selected specimens, which everyone will immediately go and see :—

No. 0. Expulsion of Blacklegs from the Academy.

Nos. 229, 230. "Look out!—below!" Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.

Unto her window wildly did she go
"Police!" Where was the Peeler? See below.
With aching heart the curtain she drew back,
When—upon aching head she felt a whack.
Poems by Harry Finis.

No. 503. Hair-Cutting in the Olden Time. Indignant customer positively refusing to be shampoo'd. Solomon J. Solomon.
NOTE.—Why repeat the name? More economical to adopt the noun of multitude, "Solomons."

No. 291. "The Painter and his Model." W (ery) Q (urious) Orchardson, R.A. "Yes, you can go; I've done with you, my dear. Here comes the Model for the following year. (*To himself.*) Luck in odd numbers—Anno Jubilee—This is Divorce Court Series Number Three."
Orchards an' Pairs (latest edition).

No. 36. Apey Thought. F. Holl, R.A.

No. 465. "'Ear! 'Ear!" Sir J. E. Millais, R.A. Alas! poor 'Art-ington!

No. 12. *Change for a Tenor.* W. W. OULESS, R.A.

My friends have often told me I was so
Like MARIO—but that was long ago.
They said, "I'd carry all before me!" True.
In years gone by I tried to,—now I do.
From the Unsung Notes of a Tenore Robusto.

No. 23. *Tom Brown's Holidays.* F. S. BEAUMONT.

No. 25:— To SIR J. E. MILLAIS.

From all your pictures we select "*The Nest,*"
First Gallery, Twenty-five, and —— hang the rest!
Of HARTINGTON and ROSEBERY these two
Portraits, who painted them? Sir EVERETT? You!!
If their two forms these portraits scarce recall,
Then "*your* old form" they don't recall at all.

No. 60. *Cheeky; or, The Amateur Actress.* MINNA TAYLOR. "I cannot paint myself properly, the rouge *will* come in patches like this."

No. 63. *Pleasing Doubt.* T. B. WIRGMAN. W. FERGUS, M.D. (*loq.*). "Now I come to examine the Pharmacopœia, I fancy I've not given him the right prescription. How funny!"

No. 67. "*Rayed with the yellows, past cure!*"—*Taming of Shrew,* Act III., sc. 2. N. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A. NOTE.—Wonder if this artist ever suffers from "the blues"?

No. 994. "*Mr. Stanley, I believe?*" Professor HUBERT HERKOMER, M.A.

No. 680. EDWING LONG, R.A., "*pinks-it.*"

No. 320. *Concealment; or, The Last Button off his Waistcoat.* More's the PETTIE! R.A.!

No. 367. *John Dull, not John Bright.* W. DULL MORRIS.

No. 377. *The Pretty Pugilist.* HUBERT HERKOMER, A.

She has put on the gloves! Be on your guard!
It is a striking picture! I'm hit hard!
Impromptu by a Very Impressionablist.

No. 394. *An Orange Lodge.* A. MOORE. Encouraging Motto—"*A. Moore omnia vincit.*"

No. 416. *Kyle-Akin to a Coloured Photograph.* BRETT, A.

No. 481. *Whiteley.* R. D. OLIVER. "They've kicked all the black-legs out, so there's a chance for me."

No. 525. *Sulks and Satins.* GREGORY, A.
No. 589. "*Warren's Blacking.*"
No. 703. "*All Sorts and Conditions of*" —*Colour.* JOHN PETTIE, R.A.
No. 716. Probably a Theatrical Puzzle Picture, symbolical of *Ruddygore* and Mrs. BROWN POTTER. Hon. JOHN COLLIER.
No. 970. "*O Distempera, O Morris!*"

SOMEBODY'S ENGAGEMENTS.

Monday.—Visit to Madame TUSSAUD'S. Lecture "Upon the Right of the Liberty of the Subject," to be addressed to the occupants of the Chamber of Horrors.

Tuesday.—Inspection of the contents of the Tower. Speech on "Parliamentary Armour—how to be used for defence or attack," to be offered to the Knights of the Horse Armoury.

Wednesday.—Saunter through the Zoological Gardens. Oration "On the Brotherhood of the Great Human Family," to be delivered in the Monkey House.

Thursday.—Inspection of Olympia. *Impromptu* on "Politics going to the Dogs," to be knocked off in the Sportsman's Exhibition.

Friday.—Gathering at the Crystal Palace. Reflections "On Monarchs from the Earliest Times," to be spoken to the Sovereigns in the Screen of Kings and Queens.

Saturday.—Second visit to the American Exhibition—continued conversation with "Red Shirt" the Taciturn.

TWO THEATRES.

MADAME Favart has been revived at the Avenue Theatre. Miss FLORENCE ST. JOHN is the life and the soul of the piece. There is scarcely a laugh in it from beginning to end, and yet, years ago, we believe it was a success with the same *prima donna*, VIOLET CAMERON, and M. MARIUS. Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, though playing *Favart*, is "not in it," and does hardly anything with the part. But if Miss St. JOHN, Miss PHYLLIS BROUGHTON, — with one clever dance, — pretty faces, and some bright music are sufficient attractions, then the motto of this house at present might well be, "a Fair Field and no Favart." Perhaps it is only a stop-gap until something Arthur-Robertsonian can be produced. *Robinson Crusoe* was idiotic, but ROBERTS was very funny in it, which he most certainly isn't as *Favart*. We are inclined to adapt *Caliban's* doggerel, and sing:—

"Ban, Ban, Ca-Caliban,
Avenue Theatre, 'Ave a new—piece!"

At the Royalty Mr. EDOUIN has produced a farce called *A Tragedy*, in which he himself is droll enough, and it will make people laugh till he gets something better.

Many of BUFFALO BILL'S Indians, or Cowboys, we are not sure which, attended, it is reported, a Presbyterian place of worship on Sunday. This looks as if there is some Scotch element from the Great Macaw clan among them. This, however, is not so, as we believe that, after visiting the Lyceum, they one and all announced their wish to be considered as Irvingites. The Indians are delighted, as they say, "We have now been face to face with the Great Mys-terry."

MRS. RAM wants to know if "The Cockney Isles" are so called on account of the number of Londoners touring there? (N.B.—Her nephew is of opinion that the excellent lady was thinking of the "Orkney Isles.")

AT THE BILLERIES.

"RED SHIRT," CHIEF OF THE SEEYOU-AT-WEST-KENSINGTON INDIANS, RECEIVES A VISIT FROM "GRAND OLD WHITE COLLAR," *ALIAS* "STRONG WILL," CHIEF OF THE OPPER SISHUN HINDERUNS.

CHIEFS IN COUNCIL.

From Our Own Special Earl's Court Interpreter.

THE Distinguished Statesman and party had now arrived at the encampment, and it was explained to the illustrious Indian hero that the "Great White Chief" was waiting to receive him without. In another instant "Yellow Slippers," ferocious in his war-paint and feathers, had sprung to the door of his tent with a wild war-whoop, and, brandishing his gleaming tomahawk, signified, in the stinging accents of the Sioux dialect, his readiness to meet all comers. There was some commotion among those assembled outside, but it quickly subsided on the Trapper announcing, at the Distinguished Statesman's request, that the "'Great White Father' had only come to have a little friendly talk over the peace pipe." Upon hearing this, the Indian, eyeing his supposed rival disdainfully, drew his blanket moodily around him, and waited for the conversation to commence.

"I had better put a poser to him, to open with," observed the Distinguished Statesman, thoughtfully. "Ask him what, in his opinion, will be the probable effects of the forthcoming Show on the financial prospects of the General Omnibus Company, and the Metropolitan District Railway respectively, and how he thinks the Shareholders of either undertaking will view the progress of the projected enterprise."

On this being translated to "Yellow Slippers," he only glared fiercely for a few minutes in the direction of the "Great White Father," and then shook his head.

"He does not understand," explained the Trapper.

"Dear me, that's awkward," rejoined the Distinguished Statesman, "for, wishing to impress him, I had arranged several complicated questions for his solution. Ha! but I have them hinted at here in the notes for my luncheon speech. Suppose you just read him this. I fancy it mayn't be very clear, for I haven't quite made up my own mind what it all means, and so, no doubt, it will probably puzzle him."

He handed a well-pencilled sheet of paper to the Trapper as he spoke. The latter proceeded forthwith to translate its contents to "Yellow Slippers," who, however, repeatedly shook his head at the various points, and gradually assumed an attitude of threatening defiance. Finally, on its conclusion, he instantly sprang to his feet, and again giving a wild war-whoop, expressed his desire to have done with palaver, and meet the "Great White Father" in combat in the arena, either with tomahawk or lasso, and there discuss with him, in a language he could understand, matters rather more within his ordinary comprehension.

Affairs assuming, therefore, a rather threatening aspect, and "Yellow Slippers" being understood still to express a wish that instead of meeting the "Great White Father," surrounded by pale faces, at West Kensington, he could only come across him alone on the deserted plains of the real Wild West, the Distinguished Statesman and party hastily withdrew, and retired to another part of the extensive grounds under the guidance of the courteous officials who accompanied them.

THE ARREST OF M. SCHNÆBELÉ.—*Trop de zèle* evidently. Pop, bang, fizzle, and froth. So much the better. Let "the Pagny incident" be remembered historically as the "Shampagny incident."

WAITING VERIFICATION.

THE following letters, for the authenticity of which their unmistakable signatures may be regarded as an undisputed guarantee, having come, no matter how, into *Mr. Punch's* possession, he publishes them forthwith without further comment:—

MY DEAR MARQUIS,

THANK you for the pretty present of Primroses, which arrived quite safely, and with which I proceeded straightway to decorate my balcony most effectively. I join the League, believe me, with the greatest pleasure, and shall certainly, as you propose, instal a Habitation in East Mayo at the first possible opportunity. For the rest, take no account of my conduct in the House. I am obliged, for obvious reasons, to make some outward show on the other side. But that, you know, is only a ruse. When the Division comes, you will find, my dear Marquis, that you have not counted in vain on the unflinching support of Yours devotedly,

John Dillon

MY DEAR SIR,

YOU evidently, in common with the rest of the British Public, have fallen into the trap artfully laid for you by the coloured posters, and are associating my advent in this country with the forthcoming performances of the *Wild West Show* about to be held at the American Exhibition shortly to be opened at Earl's Court. Please dispel the idea from your mind, for my mission over here, which is a double one, is of a very different sort. In the first place I am the accredited agent of the Government of the United States to settle the Fisheries Dispute with the British Cabinet. In the second, I am the first living representative of the part of *Mephistopheles* in my country, and I have come over here to show your HENRY IRVING how he ought to do it. My reputed connection with the Indians and Cowboys at Earl's Court, you may, therefore, regard as the wildest *canard*.—Yours faithfully,

Buffalo Bill

MY DEAR GENERAL,

THOUGH I have not, for reasons of policy, hitherto openly referred to the excellent movement you have originated and organised, I cannot longer refrain from assuring you, that it has my heartiest approval. Indeed, if you will send the drum and uniform down to Lambeth Palace, I will at once join your ranks, if only in the capacity of a humble Corporal. Only let me know when you have your next "drill" on down this way, and you shall soon find that you may, on your parade, count on no more boisterous demonstrative and indefatigable recruit than yours, sincerely, and enthusiastically,

E. Cantuar

DEAR HARCOURT,

AFTER mature and weighty consideration, I have determined to throw up the whole Irish game. The last arguments used by SALISBURY about the Crimes Bill strike me as conclusive. He makes out a strong, and, as I take it, an excellent case. You may, therefore, let CHAMBERLAIN and HARTINGTON know that I unflinchingly abandon in the future all former points of difference. Tell them I henceforth relegate "Home Rule" to the four winds. The news will not surprise them, as they know how little I am in the habit of being tenaciously wedded to my own views, and how ever open I am to the influence of the fair and valid arguments of those who happen to be politically opposed to me. Ever yours, with much conviction,

W. E. Gladstone

DEAR COCKALORUM,

IF I had only known that you would have published my tripping little note in the shape of an advertisement, how much better I could have made it. As it was, I read it in print with infinite satisfaction and delight. The whole thing struck me as in such excellent taste. But mind, dear boy, the next time you want something of the kind you give me notice, and I promise you you shall have something veritably *hors de ligne*. Hoping you *did* enjoy the dinner. I am, yours eternally,

Henry Irving

N.B.—As *Mr. Punch* thinks it very probable that the foregoing writers will deny their own signatures, he only has to ask them if they can tell him *how they got there*. Having called in a Committee of Experts, he has of course satisfied himself that he knows what he is about, though he candidly admits, judging from a recent rather notorious experience, that this is not the same thing as satisfying everybody else.

THE LANE AND THE GARDEN.

Drury Lane.—The Rose Garden is open. The Temple of AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS is occupied by CARL ROSA (Limited), and Mme. MARIE ROZE inaugurated the season—a short, but, we hope, a merry one—with *Carmen*. It is put on the Stage in a style worthy of the

Cull Rose, Sir?

Marie rose to the occasion as Carmen.

Augustan age, and the Year of Jubilee. For Wednesday (to-day) the new Opera, *Nordisa*, by Mr. CORDER, is announced. *Sursum Corder!* CARL ROSA, Limited! We anticipate success for this novelty. "Corder thou art, and shalt be more hereafter!"—which, we believe, is in *Macbeth*, but if in doubt, refer to AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS.

Covent Garden.—That *Leila* and *Carmen* are by the same composer is difficult to realise; the latter being so full of catching melody that after a first hearing, anyone with half an ear comes away humming boldly, but incorrectly, the *Toréador contento*, and with a burning anxiety to recall something of the cigarette song,—while of the former not even a man with three correct ears for music could hum, or would think of humming, a bar of its music.

Mlle. ALMA FOHSTROM was a charming *Leila*, a sort of Veiled Prophetess the greatest interest in the piece being occasioned by the curiosity in the house to seize any moment when accident or design should lift the veil and show her face. It was like watching for the cuckoo to come out of its little door in the clock when the hour strikes. Mlle. ALMA sings and acts charmingly. M. LHERIE was a picturesque *Zurga*,—whatever *Zurga* may be, apparently King of the Fishermen.

The opening is bright, but this promise is not fulfilled. There is a fine duet for *Nadir* (plenty of evident jokes on his name, which, however, do not occur in the Opera), a very solemn and effective prayer to Brahma, and a lively and telling *finale* to the First Act. *Leila* appears to be very ill-used by the people who, after receiving her as a divinity "to watch over and protect them," immediately change their tone, and threaten her that if she falls in love she shall "never again see sunrise." She has, therefore, to get up early, and the others get up earlier, and everyone more or less falls in love with her, including three *Fakirs*—who do *not* sing the old *Jack Sheppard* chorus of "Nix my dolly, pals, *Faker* way"—with all their clean linen from the wash tied round their heads, and who are evidently suffering from violent chill in consequence, as they pass a considerable portion of their time with their hands over a sacred fire. If they were dressed as three Quakers, after the style of MR. BARRINGTON and Miss JESSIE BOND in *Ruddygore*, the flame whereat they warm their hands might be the "Sacred Lamp"—not the Red one—"of Burlesque." In fact, in these Fakirs, with their linen and drapery—the Three Linen-Drapers—the interest may be said to be centred. They never tell their love for *Leila*, but they show it by deeds; for they take a pot-shot at *Nadir*, her lover, miss him, because the Linen-Drapers are not sportsmen, but bring him in prisoner, and help to drag *Leila* away from his embrace.

There is a fine *finale* to the Second Act, and an effective finish, but we should doubt whether popularity is in store for *Leila and the Linen-Drapers*, and whether any operatic Manager will rub his hands with pleasure, and say to himself, "*Leila!* Good Bizetness!"

MEMOIRS OF COUNT BEUST BY BARON DE WORMS.—Like "Brave PERCY," Count BEUST is dead and "food for WORMS."

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